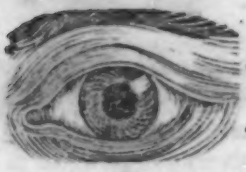
THE  EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. — MILTON.

Vol. II.] *THURSDAY, JULY* 21, 1808. [No. 3.

Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo. OVID.

MORALIZED.

Vice to be wooed a specious name assumes
And like the jackdaw struts in pilfer'd plumes.

IN this period of our existence, the powers we enjoy are very limited, as it respects their operations, yet unlimited in their capacity for improvement; which is a demonstrative proof of consummate wisdom; for the necessity of vigorous application is hence easily seen, and indolence consequently proven to be the bane of rational enjoyment.

In all our studies we improve by slow degrees, and however studious and apt the scholar may be, yet life is too short for him to become a complete adept in all the sciences. Thus, our knowledge is limited, and our views of every subject fall infinitely short of what they should be if we were perfect; but were we perfect, this world would for us have no enjoyment; if we had nothing to learn, we would no longer improve; if we had nothing to desire, we would have no stimulus to incite us to action, and were we completely happy, we would sit down, assuredly, contented, nor ever think of a better life. We must therefore join issue with those who have gone before us, and pronounce, that the system, of which we make a little part, in our opinion, is for us the best possible.

Our weakness calls for mutual assistance; our sorrows incite and promote fellow-feeling; our virtues create friendship; even our vices extort the tear from the eye of pity, and humanity weeps over the criminal who justly suffers for his crimes;—thus, virtue and vice are so mixed in the human character, that we may justly apply to it what the poet MITCHELL illy applies to THOMSON's Winter—

"Beauties and faults so thick lie scatter'd here,
Those I could read if these were not so near."

In this imperfect state of all our mental powers, we are liable to be deceived in every pursuit, and to be led astray in all our enquiries; therefore it behoves us to proceed with caution, and examine with the utmost care lest we come under the censure given by the evangelical prophet to those who called evil good and good evil; who put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; who called light darkness and darkness light: To put us on our guard lest we also should be deceived, perhaps the following apologue, which has accidentally come to hand, may not be altogether useless.

AN APOLOGUE.

Since the commencement of time, a constant war has been kept up between two beings, the one always known by the name of *Virtue*, the other by that of *Vice; Virtue* is plain in her appearance, of a fine shape which never stands in need of paint, patches, or foreign ornaments, because "When unadorn'd she is adorn'd the most." She has been always honest in her dealings, temperate in her actions, prudent in her conversation, and in danger ever remarkable for fortitude. *Vice*, on the other hand, has adorned a person by no means beautiful, with all the power of art and the gewgaws of finery, she has laced for a shape, painted for a complexion, and ransacked the world for the finest silks, most precious jewels and cosmetic washes to make her more beautiful; she has sung in the theatre, danced at Saddlers' wells, gambled at the faro table, laughed with the merry, pretended to weep with the sad, frolicked with the spendthrift; has been wicked with the libertine, demure with the prude, and hypocritical with the religious; by this change of character, she has been received by all parties in a manner to which she is no way entitled, and praised by all ranks. When dressed by *Vanity* she is praised for her taste, when squandering thousands with the prodigal she is praised for liberality; she drinks to excess with her bottle companions and is praised for being the best of company; she laughs at religion and is praised for being free from prejudice: Thus, all her faults have taken to themselves the name of virtues; nay, she herself has impudently affirmed that she is *Virtue* and that *Virtue* is *Vice*.

In thus imposing on the world, she has been powerfully assisted by a laughing buffoon known by the name of *Ridicule*,

who has always been her bosom companion; when she engages in a dispute with *Virtue* he places himself at her elbow, the arguments of *Vice* are ever superficial and cannot bear the test of examination; present enjoyment is their foundation, and 'let's be gay whilst we may' their conclusion; *Ridicule* approves with cheers and huzzas, until modest *Virtue* is almost laughed out of countenance; but, animated with the goodness of her cause, and assisted by that unconquerable champion *Truth*, she always opposes her adversary with such solid arguments, makes such rational deductions, and so depicts the consequences which inevitably flow from the precepts and practices of *Vice*, that the sorceress has generally to fly the field; but *Ridicule* lurks behind, and strange to tell, by making wry-faces, comical gestures, shrugging up his shoulders, throwing himself into comic attitudes, telling funny anecdotes, laughing loudly at the argument he cannot answer, telling a great many stories of prudes and hypocrites, of which three-fourths are lies—poor *Virtue*, in her turn, is forced to retreat, and *Ridicule* in a bottle and song celebrates his triumph: But the battle is not yet won—*Virtue* and *Truth* will finally prevail over *Vice* and *Ridicule*; grief may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning—the period approaches when *Vice* and all her associates, who have for six thousand years convulsed the world and made it literally a field of blood, shall be banished; then *Virtue* shall, attended by *Truth*, sit enthroned at the right hand of the KING of all worlds, and with her benignant smiles enliven the universe.

From the above moral tale, I shall make but one deduction—let youth in an especial manner beware of the power of ridicule: Experience tells, that oftentimes the youth who would have faced the fire, and stood at the stake with the fortitude of a hero and the hopes of a Christian, has been laughed out of his resolution, his religion and his purity, by the pointed finger, the loud laugh, the comic attitude of that attendant of *Vice*, that subtile seducer, that imp *Ridicule*, the declared enemy of *Virtue*.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

TO DO the best, can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient, if when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised, if beneficence were always to wait for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions—occasions which may never happen, and objects which may never be found?

ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. II.

——— *Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te*
Fabula narratur. HOR.

And why this simple tale so careless view?
The name being changed, the story's told of you.

ALCANDER was sitting in his study when H. entered as usual without being announced, assured of his welcome reception, he took a seat and fully related his case. ALCANDER listened attentively, and laying down his book, thus replied, "My dear H. tho' man and woman enjoy the same nature, yet education and habit have made us very different; if you wish redress from a man by whom you have been aggrieved, with few exceptions, you must resort to force; but the reverse is the case with women; in their dispositions there is a peculiar quality which only yields to persuasion, and compulsion would be both useless and injurious. No prudent man will suffer those trifling disputes which may occur between him and his wife, to be cause of continual discord: By striving to suppress them, they are increased; like the gently running stream, which when impeded, collects its force to remove the obstruction, and then rushes with the impetuosity of a torrent, so the frailties of the female sex, if opposed, will eventually overpower their opponents, but if connived at, exhaust themselves by their own exertions. When a lady is about to gain her purpose, persuasive eloquence seldom fails, and her own weapon turned against her proves effectual. If lady H. continues in her improper amusements, as mildly as possible let her know you disapprove of them; if she persists, gently remonstrate; if this prove fruitless, view her failings as moles upon a fair skin, and suffer not those straw-like impediments to interfere with your felicity." H. after summing up his little experience, found the remarks of his friend to comport with his own observations. When he reached his house he found that Mrs. H. had not yet returned; he was superiour to the pangs of jealousy, but he could not divest himself of some anxiety; he determined to wait until she arrived, and discover who was her attendant; at a late hour a knock at the door announced her approach, he hastened to give her admis-

sion, and was extremely concerned to see with what familiarity she treated the gentleman who accompanied her, and shocked to hear her speak, with provoking indifference to his feelings, of another party which was fixed for the subsequent evening. He could not but reflect that the imprudence of his wife refused a small sacrifice to his comfort, he had some thoughts of forbidding her to leave home again on such pursuits, but the advice of ALEANDER forcibly presented a better remedy. She expressed some surprise that he had not retired, and spoke of the pleasure of the evening without regard to his uneasiness: He heard the detail without manifesting any signs of displeasure, merely remarking that his evening passed tediously without her, and now and then let fall some hints of disapprobation, with such mildness, that, though she affected not to heed them, prepared a way for reflection; a consciousness that she neglected her duty as a wife insensibly impressed itself upon her; and she easily perceived that he disguised his wounded feelings.

She began to consider the propriety of attending again on such parties, and almost came to a resolution to send an apology and not accept the invitation; but on what pretext could she found an excuse? she was not willing to disclose her situation to her husband, lest her weakness should be apparent; the time fast approached which required a determination, but the conflict between pride and duty had not ended. Why, thought she, must I restrain myself, I believe my husband has objections to my going out, but then am I bound to gratify his wishes in every thing? how can my absence render him uneasy? surely I have given him no reason to suspect that I encourage the addresses of my former beaux—I view their lively sallies and handsome persons with the same indifference that I did two years ago; he then seemed concerned at every smile that responded to their wit, but he is now in a situation not to be alarmed, since I have solemnly chosen him as the favoured one, and placed it out of my power to retract. If his fears are of this kind, they are too visionary to be indulged. Mrs. H. therefore repaired to the dressing room, where Betty waited to receive her commands. She resolved to open her mind to Betty, whom she regarded as an experienced counsellor, tho' Betty was evidently an interested judge, and knew that if her mistress should become domestic, the dresses would be few in comparison with those at present needed, and the small fee she

usually received for sitting up until Mrs. H. came home, rendered her impartiality doubtful. G.

ORIGINAL.

THE EXPATIATOR.—No. II.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. BLAIR.

WHEN we take a comprehensive view of mankind, and consider the various causes of discord, and inquire into the nature of the commotions which distress the nations of the earth, the result of our researches establishes the position that the advocates for peace are few; for, "from whence come wars?"—are they not the offspring of restless dispositions?

That it is the duty of every man to promote, as far his influence will extend, the happiness of his fellow beings, is a doctrine inculcated in the Christian system of divinity and by heathen philosophers; and reason informs us that social intercourse is the chain which unites men, and renders them capable of enjoying and extending the comforts of life in the highest degree possible independent of divine communications; it enlarges the sphere of action, and gives scope for the exercise of every power of the human mind; but it is not possible to preserve the chain unbroken, where a litigious spirit predominates; too frequently does this happen, and the result is misery.

What do the histories of nations shew but a continued train of hostilities, which, if we trace them to their sources, we will find have generally originated in trifling disputes or petty circumstances, remote from the ends to which they are pursued: How often have distant countries cause to lament the quarrels of men unknown to them but by name or some high sounding title! Peace flies the earth and leaves to Discord the affairs of men—Jealousy and Distrust are perpetually engaged to mar the concord that ought ever to exist in communities.

But let us view society in a more local situation—see the misanthrope, with what a significant brow does he frown on the pleasures enjoyed by that happy family into whose circle he has been received by the cordial philanthropy of its head—

what demoniac schemes are now revolving in his disaffected mind to destroy their harmony—what arts does he not practise to produce dissention—his envious soul broods with satisfaction over the afflictions of others, and he feels the pangs of anguish when he beholds the prosperity of his neighbours, nor does his heart rejoice till contention severs the bonds of union.—But let us leave the wretch to that remorse which will ultimately be the effect of his conduct, and turn our thoughts to a more pleasing subject—the man whose endeavours are in constant exertion for the good of society—behold him assiduously engaged in strengthening the affections of men—is there enmity existing between those whose connection in life renders them necessary to each other in enhancing the value of those blessings a beneficent Providence is constantly conferring on them?—how diligent is he in employing the means best calculated to heal the breach and of diffusing a spirit of harmony and social love—let us admire and imitate.—The character of a peace-maker is a subject worthy of emulation—let us acquire a mild disposition and cherish placidity of mind, then, whatever storms may ruffle the sea of life, we shall glide smoothly down the stream of time, until it expands in the haven of rest and perpetual felicity. O.

SELECTED.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

(concluded from page 22.)

THE shades of night falling upon us, as we travelled by the side of a wood, my wife was so terrified by the roaring of the wild beasts, issuing from their dens in quest of prey, that I was obliged to give way to her fears, and assist her to climb a lofty tree, where I placed her in safety among the boughs, seating myself beside her.

The fears of my wife seemed to have been impressed by Heaven to save us from dangers still more terrible than those she was afraid of.

We were scarcely settled in the tree, when we heard the tread of horses; and in a little time could distinguish the voice of the Tartar, exultingly anticipating to his followers the pleasure he promised himself in the possession of my wife, as he passed by our place of refuge.

The appearance of the morning at length giving us hope that our danger was over, we descended from the tree; and, having offered up our adoration to the rising Sun, we were preparing to proceed on our journey when we perceived our enemy approaching towards us on his return.

It is impossible to express the horrors with which this sight struck us. My wife, in the vain impulse of despair, ran towards the wood, whither the Tartar pursued her, while his companions seized me.

Her flight was soon stopped. The ravisher overtook her, and, mad with desire, attempted to gratify his brutal appetites upon the spot. What were the sensations of my soul in that dreadful moment! But Heaven saw my distress, and heard the cries of her innocence.

Just as he had overpowered her resistance, a lion, roused by her shrieks, issued from a brake, near to which Heaven had directed her flight, and rushing upon the ruffian, tore him piece-meal in an instant.

Soon as my wife found herself freed from his violence, she started from the ground, and ran with out stretched arms towards me for protection, incapable of considering my inability to afford it, nor even sensible of the means of her deliverance. —But the Power, which had so signally saved her, continued his care of us both. The Tartars, who had seized me, struck with so evident an interposition of Heaven, no sooner saw their leader slain, than fearing a like fate for themselves, as accomplices in his guilt, thy loosed their hold, and springing upon their horses, fled out of sight in a moment.

These events had succeeded each other so rapidly, that reason was unable to keep pace with them. I stood stupified with astonishment, nor had power to advance to meet my wife, till she fell motionless at my feet.

This sight restored me to myself. I raised her head, and, laying it in my bosom, attempted to soothe her distress with words of comfort, which I wanted little less myself.

The generous lion, in the mean time, stood over the victim of his justice, growling with savage delight, and lashing his sides with his tail, without advancing a single step towards us though so near him; till, satisfied with his triumph, he returned slowly back to his den.

It was a considerable time before I could bring my wife to her senses. The conflict had been too violent for her tender frame. Her spirits and strength equally sunk under it: Sunk,

alas! never to recover. Several times she opened her eyes, and fixed them wildly on me; then, starting in the impression of her fright, gave a feeble shriek, and again swooned away.

At length, she became more composed; but still she was unable to walk; and every moment we delayed increased my fears of the return of the Tartars, to revenge their leader's death.

In this distress I happened to cast my eye upon the horse of the ravisher, which his followers had, in their affright, left behind them, tied to a tree; and placing her with difficulty upon him, walked by her side to encourage and support her, till we arrived at the caravansera.

This was the last effort of her strength. The delicacy of her soul was wounded by the base attempt of violation, and the affright had over shadowed her reason.

For three days she pined in my bosom, then drooping her head, like a lily torn from the root, expired without a struggle.

My situation can be conceived only by a feeling heart. O my Zelis! thou wert the delight of my eyes, the hope and comfort of my life.

I would gladly have accompanied her to the mansions of the blessed; but piety, and my very love for her, equally restrained me.

Reason had time to resume her rule during the approaches of her death. The laws of our religion forbid us to shed human blood, even in self defence. How then could I dare to stain my hands with my own? Besides, who should perform the last rites to her dear remains, and sprinkle her ashes on this altar? Who should perform the office for me, that I may be reunited to her, and to the rest of our holy race?

I was convinced of my duty, and prepared to fulfil it. I washed her pure body with my tears. I wrapped it in precious spices, which I received in exchange for the horse of the Tartar, from certain merchants in the caravansera, and, building a lofty pile of aromatic woods, reduced it to ashes, which I have this day spread upon yonder sacred ruins of our altar.

This, O courteous stranger! is the sermon of my woes, which you see, will admit of no relief. I now turn my face to our place of refuge in the mountains, there to devote the residue of my unhappy days to the contemplation of that Being, by whose power, and in whose presence only, I can be restored to happiness.

Though the heart of Togrul sympathised with the unhappy sufferer, there were some circumstances in his story which affected him in a very different manner.

As his reason was convinced of the incomprehensible essence of the DEITY, he considered every assimilation of him to objects of sense, as the most impious absurdity ; and the very thought of paying to his creatures the adoration due only to himself, struck him with sacred horror.

As soon, therefore, as the Persee had ended his melancholy narrative, 'I condole with you for your loss,' said he, 'O man of affliction ! but I dare not offer consolation before you have reconciled yourself to Heaven, by a renunciation of those errors which have drawn its wrath upon your head. You blindly mistake the creature for the Creator and rob him of that worship which is his sole and incommunicable right.'

Heavy as this charge was, the Persee was not abashed. Fixing his eyes upon Togrul, with a modest firmness, Most unworthy of consolation should I certainly be, he replied, O severe judge ! if I were guilty of the crime which you impute to me. But I exult in the assurance, that, on a moment's reflection, you will yourself acquit me.

Groundless is the accusation of our worshipping any other object than the DEITY himself, the Author and Life of the universe, and all it contains.

We worship not his creatures ; we worship him in them. We worship him in the Sun, as the most glorious of his works, the fountain of that heat by which he animates all nature ! Worship him in fire, as the Sun, the vehicle in which heat is intrusted to our own management for the uses of life ; and we keep that fire always alive, in testimony of our gratitude for his supporting our lives by it ; and as a memorial to him to continue that support.

Never has man fallen into so gross error, as to direct his worship ultimately to the works of his own hands, though the presumption of ignorance hath often accused him of it.

Adieu, O young man ! Learn to judge less precipitately ; and may the DEITY, whom all the world unites in adoring, though under different symbols, guide your steps in safety.

It was some time before Togrul recovered from the surprise with which this defence of the Persee struck him. He examined it with candid attention, and, though he was far from thinking it satisfactory, it determined him never more to condemn any man for differing in opinion with him.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

MORNING HYMN.

THE morning sun-beams cheer the fields,
And kiss the tears of night away,
Whilst the mild air salubrious yields
The balmy breath of early day.

The cheerful warblers on the wing,
Their matin song melodious raise;
And earth, refresh'd with smiles of spring,
Expressive, teems prolific praise.

With grateful feelings, now I view
The beauties which around me shine;
Yet farther would the mind pursue,
And contemplate their SOURCE divine.

My soul would fly on wings of love,
From transient joys, which charm below,
To the bright realms of bliss above,
Where sacred pleasures ever flow.

There join'd with the celestial throng,
I'd tune my harp to heav'nly lays,
And with harmonious angel-song
I'd sound my great CREATOR's praise.

But O, to earth what shackles bind
My wayward, hard, ungrateful heart!—
Break, break ye chains, and let my mind
Be fix'd on JESUS ne'er to part.

Away, all meaner joys, away —
I'll seek communion with my GOD;
Nor more shall my affections stray
From him who bought me with his blood.

O, what immeasurable love
My GOD in all his acts displays!
Now shall my soul delight to prove
The bliss attendant on his ways.

I'll lean upon my SAVIOUR's arm,
Whilst thro' my pilgrimage I go;
His grace will keep my soul from harm,
Till rais'd where joys perennial flow. ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

ADDRESS TO A FLOWER,

Blasted by an April Snow (April 6, 1808.)

HAST thou untimely drop'd fair flow'r?
Pale, blighted bloom, thou hast, and low!
Not bent by balmy dew or show'r,
But coldly, rudely press'd by snow.

E'en yesterday thy gay green leaves,
Were spread to catch the vernal sun;
Now low beneath the snow they freeze,
Nip'd, beauteous blossom, and undone!

Ah, who could think that sunny sky,
Which smiled on thee so newly blown,
To-day would blast thee low to lie,
Beneath its chilling wint'ry frown!

But one day past, how happy we,
When JULIA and when Nature smiled;
But JULIA frowns, who smiled on me;
And Nature ceases to be mild!

Her smiles, to me, were far more dear
Than were to thee thy sunny skies;
And O! her scorn is more severe
Than that cold snow which on thee lies.

But let me take thee, blossom fair,
From thy cold bed while yet 'tis time—
From the bleak wind that whistles here—
I'll plant thee in a milder clime.

But where—ah, whither can *I* go,
And flourish, far from her I mourn?
Alas, 'tis death to leave her so!
'Tis death to stay and bear her scorn!

THE STRANGER.